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MARTIN MOORE, AND E
RICHARD S. STORRS, D.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN FRANCE
PARIS, JULY, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the few lines I am now about to write you, it is my purpose to tell you a few things about the "Religion of Paris." For a journal, the professed object of which is the propagation of a "sound and true religion," this is a very important subject.

I have chosen then, a somewhat serious and sober religious subject, and yet one which is not altogether inappropriate subject, and yet not undertake to say, that the "religion of the future" is "the true religion," any more than I that its morals—a fact which the whole world knows to the contrary—are, "sound" and "right." There is unquestionably a mighty difference between the two, but what that difference is, I leave it for you exegetical gentlemen to determine. I shall only speak of it in an *expansive* and not in a *contractive* sense.

ject, and from the solemn gravity of your tenances, I see you are expecting a serious letter. It may be so; but I beg of you be deceived in this matter. Names and external appearances, do not always harmonize with character and disposition of the object; embellish; in Paris they are most desirable things. You ask for an egg, and you assure that you do not get a stone; you want meat, and you are not sure that you will get a *scorpion*; and more, just look for

place, here are the "Champs Elysees," "the Place de la Concorde," what names! read them once more in plain English, "the *Asian Fields*," "the *Place of Concord*!" does not associate with the one, green and verdant lawns, the gentle cascade running brook, the fountains and little rills, of perpetual verdure, and flowers that never and with the other, the sports of the innocent happy and the free; a place where never could enter, and from which can

troubles flee away—a place where friend grows warm, and generous pulses beat in unity with one another. But who does not think that these very places, this place of concord, these elysian fields, have been the scene of some of the wildest and most frightful outbursts of the human passions? Who does not know that it was here, that first commenced the revolution which only ended in the destruction of the Bastille? That it was in this place an enraged and brutal populace dragged

and scaffold the unfortunate Louis XVI, an still more unfortunate consort, Marie Antoinette? That it was here, that Charlotte Corday who ought to have had a monument erected her memory, was guillotined? That here, *over, (how unfit the place!)* perished that Danton, and Robespierre, the Herbiertists? Atheists, beside more than three thousand in a single year; and that in 1814, that was made a bivouac for a Cossack soldier and that the Te Deum was sung at an

around which were encamped the allied armies of Austria, Russia and Prussia?" I say, *for*, do not be deceived by a false conceit of names; there is a religion of the *soul*, there is a religion of the senses, and if I seem to forget the one, while I am talking you about the other, and if I may not seem sufficiently serious upon a subject that demands all seriousness, do not charge it to the fault of the writer's heart, but remember that the *reason of my letter* is not the religion of your people.

and that the religion of Paris is not the religion of Plymouth Rock.

Since coming to Paris, I have been told that too by an *American*, that the Parisians are really a church-going people! And more so "that strangers from abroad," (meaning Americans I suppose), "are unwilling to acknowledge this, in this respect their just dues." "Parisians a church-going people"—and I think the ears of the whole world, which knows "proverbially" for the contrary! If I find

told that the Pope had become *pious*, and the Hindoos had all become *Christian* might have believed it; but that the ministers of this *great* *fun-loving* city, had all suddenly formed and become a church-going people, rather too large a story. There is indeed, but little, very little, which can be called *religion*. This is an element which does not enter into the composition of Parisians. They "go to church," and for why? For precisely the same reason that they go to the opera or to the theatre.

house. They go to the one place, that
may rid themselves of the cares and the troubles
of the day;—they go to the other, that
may rid themselves of the sins and follies of
the week, and from each they go away equally
contented, happy and satisfied. Under present
circumstances, and present influences, it is im-
possible that the genius of "true religion" can
exist in Paris. I do not say that there are
Christians in Paris; I do not say there are
here who keep themselves pure and unde-

before the Lord, amidst this untold mass of
and pollution. No, I thank God that there
such, even though they be but as a few grains
gold scattered over whole fields of dirt and rub
It is true, too true, that with the great loss
the French people, there is the most awful
wanton disregard and abuse of sacred things
and yet, our feeling of surprise will cease, as
we remember that the government first holds
the inducement, sets the example, and then
censures the abuse. As to the *Schlotheim*, it is

Yes, that day which in New England is set upon as the day of the Lord, and is set apart from all other days as the one designated for him to be spent in his service and in his ship, *here*, is regarded as the great fete-day of the people. It is the day above all others, in which fun and frolic abound. Tilts and tournaments, horse racing and foot racing, the theatre, the opera house, public exhibitions and public games, all *amusements* are allowed.

And this is *no sin*, no long as a little penitence, a single mass, and a few drops of the holy oil can wash it all away! Where now, I ask, are all the guilt of this offending? How stand we *praiseworthy* in this matter? Is not too much the profligacy, the looseness in the moral line of sinners?

...of this great people, chargeable to the
purity of the religion and the infidelity of